" No," I used to answer, " but it isn't a song. It's a look here, a gesture there, a laugh anywhere, *and* Henry living's face everywhere!"

Miss Winifred Emery came to us for "The Belle's Stratagem " and played the part that I had played years before at the Haymarket. She was bevatching, and in her white wig in the ball-room, beautiful as well. She knew how to bear herself on the stage instinctively, and could dance a minuet to perfection. The daughter of Sam Emery, a great comedian in a day of comedians, and the granddaughter of *the* Emery, it was not surprising that she should show aptitude for the stage.

Mr. Howe was another new arrival in the Lyceum company. He was at his funniest as Mr. Hardy in "The Belle's Stratagem." It was not the first time that he had played my father in a piece (we had acted father and daughter in " The Little Treasure"), and I always called him " Daddy." The dear old man was much liked by every one^ He had a tremendous pair of legs, was bluff and bustling in manner, though courtly too, and cared more about gardening than acting. He had a little farm at Isleworth,* and he was one of those actors who do not allow the longest theatrical season to interfere with domesticity and horticulture! Because of his stout gaitered legs and his Isleworth estate, Henry called him " the agricultural actor." He was a good old port and whisky drinker, but he could carry his liquor like a Regency man.

He was a walking history of the stage. " Yes, my dear," he used to say to me, " I was in the original cast of the first performance of 'The Lady of Lyons,' which Lord Lytton gave Macready as a present, and I was the original Fransois when ' Richelieu' was produced. Lord Lytton wrote this part for a lady, but at rehearsal it was found